

the crowd of converts. He is acting a lie, and he knows it; and this knowledge deprives him of his self-respect, and of the little respect which he had for the church. You might call him a ready-made Christian. This elaborate machinery of modern conversion found in him a lot of pliable raw material, an available bale of shoddy, and a few turns of the crank made a church member externally of tolerable fair appearance, but destitute of wearing qualities. He is soon too shabby for Sunday, and in a surprisingly short time goes all to pieces.

There are only two agencies in which we have any faith; the *truth*, and the *Holy Spirit*. All these adventitious helps of which we have been speaking are not helps, but very great hindrances. They weaken the force of the Word, and impudently perk their officious and irreverent faces into the divine presence. Where God alone treads and all is holy ground, they rush about with the frantic haste of an exaggerated importance, and encumber with rubbish where some good seed falling might bring forth the real fruits of repentance and faith. Preach the Word and rely on it. Sow the good seed in the straight forward, sensible, dignified way, and stop pottering over it. It has germinating life in itself; it was made to grow. Faithfully and fully present the plan of salvation to sinners, and leave results with God. All your fussing, all your little schemes, plans, traps, manipulations, are only ridiculous except where they are positively hurtful. You may have fewer numbers to put in your horn and blow about;—but then if you are a real gospel preacher you will not have any horn to blow.

Where Rum Rules

Where rum rules there is neither order nor law, for the spirit of rum is in defiance of all law and decency. There is positively no crime of which rum has not been guilty; there is no virtue which it has not outraged; no justice which it has not trampled beneath its feet; no truth whose sanctuary it has not polluted. It is the incarnation of all iniquity, crime and wickedness, and in its favor not one word can be said by an honest man. Let any one read the following as related by *Religious Telescope*, and then try his feelings when he gets thro:—

Walter Rosser, a private in a Tennessee regiment, now in camp at San Francisco, Cal., on the evening of Sept. 13, in that city, while in an almost unconscious state of intoxication, shot and instantly killed Henry Hildebrandt, a clerk in the Spreckles Market, because he, Hildebrandt, interposed to prevent him, Rosser, from appropriating some candy for which he refused to pay. An eye-witness of the affair says he fired the shot without any provocation.

After he was placed in prison and had become sober, so says an Associate Press dispatch, he handed over a lady's gold watch

and \$65. in coin, and asked that the valuables be cared for. Then he wept, and said he realized his deep disgrace, but claimed not to recollect anything about the shooting.

"My father and mother live in Stevenson, Ala.," said he. "My father is a superintendent of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad. I am a member of the Sigma Nu Fraternity, and a graduate of the Vanderbilt University, and am entitled to the degree of M. D. When the war broke out I was a student in classics, but left school and enlisted in the Tennessee regiment at Memphis. My knowledge of medicine gained me the position of steward of Company B, which position I still hold. I have telegraphed my father, and expect him to come to this city at once." Here it is again—the same old story—a son who was reared in first-class society, on whom a loving mother bestowed all the wealth of her affection, for whose education the father has made ample provision, who was sufficiently brave and patriotic to volunteer to fight his country's battles, dragged down and besotted by the infamous, legalized rum traffic, so that, while incapable of realizing what he is doing, he commits murder, and now lingers in a felon's cell.

Great God! If rum reaches one so high and drags him down so low, then whose boy is safe? What must be the grief of that father, who has hitherto doted so proudly upon his promising son! Imagine the agony of that mother's heart, as she moans, "O my son, my son! Would God I had died for thee!"

O American citizens, is there no remedy? Must rum be permitted to go on in its legalized work of degradation and death, simply because some men make money out of the traffic? Have we the power to deliver the Cubans from the oppression of Spain, and no power to save our own brave boys from being murdered by rum? Think of poor Hildebrandt, now cold in his untimely grave, ushered into it by the bullet of one crazed by rum! Think of the poor young Rosser, lingering in a murderer's cell, and piteously moaning, "I do not recollect anything about the shooting!" Think of his heart-broken father and mother, and the bereaved relatives of young Hildebrandt, and then say if something cannot be done to stay rum's legalized work of ruin and death. A soldier boy, a murderer, made such by the legalized rum traffic! Too bad, too bad! and we Americans did it; for we legalized the traffic—for revenue—for filthy lucre's sake!

PARABLES

"I am afraid," said Charity when Zeal invited her to walk in the tangle of doctrinal contention.

Whom Humility, having lost her way in a wilderness, knocked at the door of the Rev. Dr. Trumpet, she was brusquely told that there wasn't a spare room in the house.

Peace was once solicited to enter a beautiful palace, but refused. "I cannot bear," said

she, "the spectacle of so much wretchedness."

I knocked at the gate of a splendid mansion where dwelt Wealth and Fame. "Whom do you seek?" inquired Wisdom. "Success," said I. "She is not here," replied Wisdom as she shut the door in my face.

A vast multitude going down the street met Truth hurrying in the opposite direction. "Wither goest thou?" they cried. "In search of Life," replied she.

B. C. M.

MIRACLES

What nonsense this is, that "the day of miracles is past." It would take the very largest library in the land to record the miracles which are transpiring right before our eyes; miracles in nature which refuse to unfold their mysteries to the curious, searching gaze of science; miracles of providence in the course of events, both as regards the life current of individuals and the career of nations; miracles of grace which transform dens of unclean beast and cages of unclean birds into pure and beautiful temples of the Holy Ghost. Vinet says: "The greatest miracle that I know of is that of my conversion. I was dead, and I live; I was blind, and I see; I was a slave, and I am free; I was an enemy of God, and I love him. Prayer, the Bible, the society of Christians—these were to me a source of profound ennui; while now it is the pleasures of the world that are a weariness to me, and piety is the source of all my joy. Behold the miracle! and if God has been able to work that one, there are none of which he is not capable."

B. C. M.

Proverbs Relating to the Home

Golden Rule.

In the house of the righteous is much treasure.
—Prov. 15:6.

Better a dinner of herbs where love is,
Than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.
—Prov. 15:17.

A soft answer turneth away wrath;
But a grievous word stirreth up anger.
—Prov. 15:1.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom,
And the law of kindness is on her tongue.
—Prov. 31:26.

Better is a dry morsel and quietness therewith,
Than a house full of feasting with strife.
—Prov. 17:1.

A brother offended is harder to be won than
a strong city:
And such contentions are like the bars of a
castle.
—Prov. 18:19.

The direct passage from the newspaper to the Bible is almost too sudden a transition. We must approach the Word of God in the proper spirit,—be keyed up to it, so to speak. Herein is the value of devotional literature. It is not to be a substitute for the Bible, but an introduction to it, and a commentary upon its truths.